



The \$64 Question

(SILLY! QUEERER THAN HAMLET!)



To send or not to send out Christmas cards?
There is the question that yearly plagues us.
To send them out in in widening rounds
Is cause of writer's cramp and other ills
Which make the season one of sweat and tears,
Rather than mirth and jollity, care-free.
As sure as fate some V. I. P.'S forgot
Who holds the slight in mind through months to come,
And thus another friendship's lost or cooled.
Yet, on the other hand, if one decides:
"The heck with this fool racket! I'll not send
"One card this Christmas, come what may!"
Promptly one's buried in a pasteboard flood
That emanates from Here to Hell and gone.

One passes for a stinker, anti-social heel
With all these greeters whose good-will
Goes unreciprocated, and again
The bonds of comradeship are rudely loosed,
The Christmas spirit soured or gone agley.
Sooner than bear these whips and scorns of Fortune,
Though there's no certain way to beat the rap,
I'll come across the same as you and you.
Here then's my card, edition fifty-three,
With which I trust no friend has been forgot.
Inside twelve months the question will arise
Anew' ere, baffled as before, my Muse —
Protesting loudly — takes her yearly trot.

ARTHUR G. PENNY
ghost-writing for Bill Shakespeare.

134 ST. ANNE STREET

Christmas, 1953

QUEBEC, P.Q.

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